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RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM

891.551
MA-R

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गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
कृपया पुस्तक के ऊपर कोई निशान आदि
न लगायें।

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पुस्तकालय

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

वर्ग संख्या..... आगत संख्या.....

पुस्तक-विवरण की तिथि नीचे अंकित है। इस तिथि सहित ३० वें दिन यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापिस आ जानी चाहिए। अन्यथा ५० पैसे प्रति दिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब-दण्ड लगेगा।

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RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

Dr. med. D. N. KESARBANI
DEHRADUN-INDIA

डा० धर्मानन्द केशरवानी
स्मृति संग्रह

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04920

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR

KHAYYÁM

OF

NAISHÁPÚR.

पुस्तकालय
पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय

डा० धर्मानन्द वेशरवानी
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I.

WAKE! For the Sun, who ſcatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and ſtrikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

2.

BEFORE the phantom of Falſe morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowſy Worſhipper outſide?"

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3.

AND, as the Cock crew, thoſe who ſtood before
The Tavern ſhouted — "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to ſtay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

4.

NOW the New Year reviving old Deſires
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jeſus from the Ground ſuſpires.

5.

IRAM indeed is gone with all his Roſe,
And Jamſhyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But ſtill a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

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6.

AND David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!" — the Nightingale cries to the Roſe
That ſallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

7.

COME, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

8.

WHETHER at Naiſhápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with ſweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

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9.

EACH Morn a thouſand Roſes brings, you ſay;
Yes, but where leaves the Roſe of Yeſterday?
And this firſt Summer month that brings the Roſe
Shall take Jamſhyd and Kaikobád away.

10.

WELL, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhoſrú?
Let Zál and Ruſtum bluſter as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

11.

WITH me along the ſtrip of Herbage ſtrown
That juſt divides the deſert from the ſown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

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12.

A Book of Verſes underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beſide me ſinging in the Wilderneſs —
Oh, Wilderneſs were Paradiſe enow!

13.

SOME for the Glories of This World; and ſome
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradiſe to come;
Ah, take the Caſh, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a diſtant Drum!

14.

LOOK to the blowing Roſe about us — "Lo,
Laughing," ſhe ſays, "into the world I blow,
At once the ſilken taſſel of my Purſe
Tear, and its Treaſure on the Garden throw."

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15.

AND thoſe who huſbanded the Golden grain,
And thoſe who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no ſuch aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

16.

THE Worldly Hope men ſet their Hearts upon
Turns Aſhes — or it proſpers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Deſert's duſty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

17.

THINK, in this batter'd Caravanſerai
Whoſe Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his deſtined Hour, and went his way.

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18.

THEY ſay the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamſhyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Aſs
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

19.

I ſometimes think that never blows ſo red
The Roſe as where ſome buried Cæſar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from ſome once lovely Head.

20.

AND this reviving Herb whoſe tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it ſprings unſeen!

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21.

AH, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of paſt Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myſelf with Yeſterday's Sev'n thouſand Years.

22.

FOR ſome we loved, the loveliеſt and the beſt
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath preſt,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept ſilently to reſt.

23.

AND we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dreſſes in new bloom,
Ourſelves muſt we beneath the Couch of Earth
Deſcend — ourſelves to make a Couch — for whom?

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24.

AH, make the moſt of what we yet may ſpend,
Before we too into the Duſt deſcend;
Duſt into Duſt, and under Duſt to lie,
Sans Wine, ſans Song, ſans Singer, and — ſans End!

पुस्तकालय

25.

ALIKE for thoſe who for To-day prepare,
And thoſe that after ſome To-morrow ſtare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkneſs cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

26.

WHY, all the Saints and Sages who diſcuſſ'd
Of the Two Worlds ſo wiſely — they are thruſt
Like fooliſh Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are ſcatter'd, and their Mouths are ſtopt with Duſt.

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27.

MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the ſame door where in I went.

28.

WITH them the ſeed of Wiſdom did I ſow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harveſt that I reap'd —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

29.

INTO this Univerſe, and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waſte,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

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30.

WHAT, without aſking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without aſking, Whither hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Muſt drown the memory of that inſolence!

31.

UP from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I roſe, and on the Throne of Saturn ſate;
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Maſter-knot of Human Fate.

32.

THERE was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not ſee:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

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33.

EARTH could not anſwer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the ſleeve of Night and Morn.

34.

THEN of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkneſs; and I heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

35.

THEN to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never ſhall return."

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36.

I think the Veſſel, that with fugitive
Articulation anſwer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the paſſive Lip I kiſſ'd,
How many Kiſſes might it take — and give!

37.

FOR I remember ſtopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

38.

AND has not ſuch a Story from of Old
Down Man's ſucceſſive generations roll'd
Of ſuch a clod of ſaturated Earth
Caſt by the Maker into Human mould?

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39.

AND not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may ſteal below
To quench the fire of Anguiſh in ſome Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

40.

AS then the Tulip for her morning ſup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the ſoil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

41.

PERPLEXT no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds reſign,
And loſe your fingers in the treſſes of
The Cypreſs-ſlender Miniſter of Wine.

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42.

AND if the Wine you drink, the Lip you preſs,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are To-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were — To-MORROW you ſhall not be leſs.

43.

SO when that Angel of the darker Drink
At laſt ſhall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you ſhall not ſhrink.

44.

WHY, if the Soul can fling the Duſt aſide,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcaſe crippled to abide?

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45.

'TIS but a Tent where takes his one day's reſt
A Sultán to the realm of Death addreſt;
The Sultán riſes, and the dark Ferráſh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Gueſt.

46.

AND fear not leſt Exiſtence cloſing your
Account, and mine, ſhould know the like no more;
The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

47.

WHEN You and I behind the Veil are paſt,
Oh, but the long, long while the World ſhall laſt,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's ſelf ſhould heed a pebble-caſt.

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48.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taſte
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waſte —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it ſet out from — Oh, make haſte!

49.

WOULD you that ſpangle of Exiſtence ſpend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the Falſe and True —
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

50.

A Hair perhaps divides the Falſe and True;
Yes; and a ſingle Alif were the clue —
Could you but find it — to the Treaſure-houſe,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

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51.

WHOSE ſecret Preſence, through Creation's veins
Running Quickſilver-like eludes your pains:
Taking all ſhapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and periſh all — but He remains;

52.

A moment gueſſ'd — then back behind the Fold
Immerſt of Darkneſs round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Paſtime of Eternity,
He doth Himſelf contrive, enact, behold.

53.

BUT if in vain, down on the ſtubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You — how then
To-MORROW, You when ſhall be You no more?

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54.

WASTE not your Hour, nor in the vain purſuit
Of This and That endeavour and diſpute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than ſadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

55.

YOU know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouſe
I made a Second Marriage in my houſe;
Divorced old barren Reaſon from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouſe.

56.

FOR "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one ſhould care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

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57.

AH, but my Computations, People ſay,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? — Nay,
'Twas only ſtriking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yeſterday.

58.

AND lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came ſhining through the Duſk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Veſſel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taſte of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

59.

THE Grape that can with Logic abſolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The ſovereign Alchemiſt that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold tranſmute:

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60.

THE mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the miſbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infeſt the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

61.

WHY, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaſpheme the twiſted tendril as a Snare?
A Bleſſing, we ſhould uſe it, ſhould we not?
And if a Curſe — why, then, Who ſet it there?

62.

I muſt abjure the Balm of Life, I muſt,
Scared by ſome After-reckoning ta'en on truſt,
Or lured with Hope of ſome Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Duſt!

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63.

OH threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradiſe!
One thing at leaſt is certain — This Life flies;
One thing is certain and the reſt is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

64.

STRANGE, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us paſſ'd the door of Darkneſs through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road.
Which to diſcover we muſt travel too.

65.

THE Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who roſe before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

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66.

I ſent my Soul through the Inviſible,
Some letter of that After-life to ſpell:
And-by-and-by my Soul return'd to me,
And anſwer'd "I Myſelf am Heav'n and Hell:"

67.

HEAV'N but the Viſion of fulfill'd Deſire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Caſt on the Darkneſs into which Ourſelves,
So late emerg'd from, ſhall ſo ſoon expire.

68.

WE are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-ſhapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Maſter of the Show;

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69.

BUT helpleſs Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and ſlays,
And one by one back in the Cloſet lays.

70.

THE Ball no queſtion makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as ſtrikes the Player goes;
And He that toſſ'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

71.

THE Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears waſh out a Word of it.

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72.

AND that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help — for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

73.

WITH Earth's firſt Clay They did the Laſt Man knead,
And there of the Laſt Harveſt ſow'd the Seed:
And the firſt Morning of Creation wrote
What the Laſt Dawn of Reckoning ſhall read.

74.

YESTERDAY This Day's Madneſs did prepare;
To-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Deſpair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

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75.

I tell you this — When, ſtarted from the Goal,
Over the flaming ſhoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Muſhtarí they flung,
In my predeſtin'd Plot of Duſt and Soul.

76.

THE Vine had ſtruck a fibre: which about
If clings my being — let the Derviſh flout;
Of my Baſe metal may be filed a Key,
That ſhall unlock the Door he howls without.

77.

AND this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-conſume me quite,
One Flaſh of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple loſt outright.

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78.

WHAT! out of ſenſeleſs Nothing to provoke
A conſcious Something to reſent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleaſure, under pain
Of Everlaſting Penalties, if broke!

79.

WHAT! from his helpleſs Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him droſſ-allay'd —
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot anſwer — Oh the ſorry trade!

80.

OH, Thou, who didſt with pitfall and with gin
Beſet the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predeſtin'd Evil round
Enmeſh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

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81.

OH, Thou, who Man of baſer Earth didſt make,
And ev'n with Paradiſe deviſe the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveneſs give — and take!

82.

AS under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-ſtricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's houſe alone
I ſtood, ſurrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

83.

SHAPES of all Sorts and Sizes, great and ſmall,
That ſtood along the floor and by the wall;
And ſome loquacious Veſſels were; and ſome
Liſten'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

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84.

SAID one among them — "Surely not in vain
My ſubſtance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to ſhapeleſs Earth again."

85.

THEN ſaid a Second — "Ne'er a peeviſh Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Veſſel made
Will ſurely not in after Wrath deſtroy."

86.

AFTER a momentary ſilence ſpake
Some Veſſel of a more ungainly Make;
"They ſneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter ſhake?"

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87.

WHEREAT some one of the loquacious Lot —
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

88.

"WHY," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

89.

"WELL," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

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90.

SO while the Veſſels one by one were ſpeaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were ſeeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's ſhoulder-knot a-creaking!"

91.

AH, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And waſh the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, ſhrouded in the living Leaf,
By ſome not unfrequented Garden-ſide.

92.

THAT ev'n my buried Aſhes ſuch a ſnare
Of Vintage ſhall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer paſſing by
But ſhall be overtaken unaware.

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93.

INDEED the Idols I haved loved ſo long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a ſhallow Cup
And ſold my Reputation for a Song.

94.

INDEED, indeed, Repentance oft before
I ſwore — but was I ſober when I ſwore?
And then and then came Spring, and Roſe-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

95.

AND much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half ſo precious as the ſtuff they ſell.

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96.

YET Ah, that Spring ſhould vaniſh with the Roſe!
That Youth's ſweet-ſcented manuſcript ſhould cloſe!
The Nightingale that in the branches ſang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

97.

WOULD but the Deſert of the Fountain yield
One glimpſe — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might ſpring,
As ſprings the trampled herbage of the field!

98.

WOULD but ſome wingéd Angel ere too late
Arreſt the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the ſtern Recorder otherwiſe
Enregiſter, or quite obliterate!

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99.

AH Love! could you and I with Him conſpire
To graſp this ſorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we ſhatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Deſire!

100.

YON riſing Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will ſhe wax and wane;
How oft hereafter riſing look for us
Through this ſame Garden — and for one in vain!

101.

AND when like her, oh Sákí, you ſhall paſs
Among the Gueſts Star-ſcatter'd on the Graſs,
And in your joyous errand reach the ſpot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glaſs!

TAMÁM.

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THE SECOND MUNICH PRINT.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

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